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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE CALL TO GLADNESS, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: Genesis VI: 18: "Come." Also Revelations XXII: 17: "Come"—The Solace of the Christian Faith—Two Things to Believe.

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Washington, Oct. 20.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls all people to gladness and opens all the doors of expectancy; texts, Genesis vi, 18, "Come;" Revelations xxii, 17, "Come." Imperial, tender and all persuasive is the word, "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible, as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Savior's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hush at that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destitutes. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accented of all power. It is the helmsman of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigal. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

Slain by the Word "Come."
You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and elick winglasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come, with me to a pace of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay boat through the underground life of the city." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowning in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is. Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow, is that the clear eye, is that the noble heart, that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncol those serpent fangs of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as many millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Made Right with God.
With that word which has done so much for others I approach you today. Are you right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use of waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God that I am not thus limited and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

There Is No Escape.
I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They

are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world, the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envious and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons wait for a goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after awhile for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unremembered.

Solace of Christian Faith.
What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the indefinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoe last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promises for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humble home when every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies and found a kettle on the fire ready for tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter of the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'My child, God will provide; thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them Almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

The World's Dismal Consolation.
What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to console! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snowstorm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go his sleigh struck the run of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding sleigh; but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and as the tendency of those who are confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christians people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets and at last through the culmination of all the tragedies on Golgotha, can any one

think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then, when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing, not allow the drowning to seize the life line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

Two Things to Believe.
"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt that I am kept back." No, no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of these things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, have you passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet down hard, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive, you are going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no!

Magic of a Word.
As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Come, for all things are now ready." "Come with us, and we will do you good." "Come and see." "The Spirit and the bride say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from their sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yes, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all and peace for all and heaven for all who will come.

One of Wellington's Officers.
On good authority soldiers like best to be officered by gentlemen, but they have their choice of the type. Of the right kind was Gen. Crawford, of the Light Division. An incident in his career during one of the Wellington wars shows him to have been rich in that justice which commands respect from equals and loyalty from inferiors; in a word, he kept discipline without regard to rank. His division was crossing a ford on one of the Spanish marches and an officer, to keep his breeches dry, rode through on a soldier's back. Crawford observed the thing with disgust, and in a minute was splashing through the water after them both. "Put him down, sir!" he shouted. "Put him down! I desire you to put that officer down instantly!" The soldier dropped him and went on. "Return back, sir!" Crawford said to the officer, "and go through the water like the others. I will not allow my officers to ride upon the men's backs through the rivers; all must take their share alike here."—Youth's Companion.

The Egyptians used pencils of colored chalk, and several of these ancient crayons have been found in their tombs.

FRAM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Points on Tree Planting.
In planning for the arrangement of trees and shrubbery we must assume that space is not limited, that there are some roads of ground at least, about the house to devote to the purpose. And first, because comfort is of primary importance in the home, let there be screens and clumps and belts of evergreens to the north and west as shelter from the piercing winds that blow from those directions. If the house fronts to the south or east, these may be quite near and form not only a needed protection from the chilling blasts, but a pleasing background for small deciduous trees and shrubs. If, however, the house must face either west or north their shelter must be at a greater distance, but there they should be if possible, and in this case a thick screen a little north of east may be very desirable, for we all know how marrow-chilling, catarrh-producing and mentally depressing an easterly wind can be. So let us plant trees, preferably evergreens, upon all sides except the south, leaving this space open for the free sweep of southern breezes, which are the prevalent ones in the hottest weather, and so welcome, especially at night, and which are mild in cold weather; and also to give free access to sunlight.

We talk of trees and vines for shade, but when we stop to think of it, there is only a small part of the year, seldom more than three months, when sunshine is not a welcome visitor in our houses. Then we will plant our evergreens on the north, east and west, leaving the south for the unobstructed passage of life-giving sunshine and refreshing southern breezes. Having provided for requisite shelter, we may proceed to plant our ornamental trees and shrubs; these may be effectively massed upon the right and left of grounds in front of the house, leaving an open space for lawn directly in front, for after all, is there anything that adds more to the attractiveness of a place than a perfectly graded, well turfed and well kept lawn. The lawn should gradually widen as it approaches the street, the shrubbery massed so that the densest part is near the house, the lighter narrowest next to the street, which should of course be bordered with elms, maples or other trees.

In grouping shrubs be careful to place the taller, more rapid growing ones in the background, the smaller in foreground, as seen from both street and lawn. Occasional handsome shrubs or well cared for flower beds may dot the lawn, but none should hide the house or too much obstruct the view from the front windows or verandas.

Instruction in Wax.
About ten years ago Secretary Brackett of the Iowa State Horticultural Society took up the work of modelling fruit in wax and coloring it to resemble as much as possible the natural product. This work attracted the attention of the United States Department of Agriculture, which soon found opportunity to place him in Washington at the same work. Since that time he has attained a national reputation, his work being very true to nature. The wax fruits of the department have been on exhibition at several of the large expositions, and have proven valuable object lessons. They have the advantage over real fruits in that they retain their form and freshness. By this means all varieties of fruit can be shown at any time of year. This is especially valuable in relation to early summer apples, and all the softer fruits which would soon decay if exhibited in a temperature comfortable for human beings. This is a method of instruction that will be much used in the future. The student of pomology must have always at hand the patterns of that with which he wishes to become familiar. It is probable that our state societies will find it profitable to devote each year a small sum to the accumulation of wax models. Ultimately, the use of these will pass beyond the bounds of the horticultural societies and agricultural fairs, and will come into use in our high schools, especially those that are centers of the rural population. Also the student that can afford them will find a private collection profitable.

The Herbarium as an Incubator.
Among the agricultural exhibits in the Government building at the Pan-American exposition is a display of pressed plants, consisting largely of the kinds least known to farmers, yet of value in some way or other. The exhibit is of value more to the agricultural student than to any other person, yet all farmers should be students of the science by which they make their living. The exhibit in question affords a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the plants that are

mentioned more or less in our agricultural literature. Not only should the farmers visiting the Pan-American exposition give some time to this exhibit, but fair managers and exposition managers should attempt to secure it after it has done service in its present place or should try to duplicate it, which would not be difficult to do.

The exhibit in question consists of the following plants: Hagl, Silky Bush Clover, Scarlet Vetch, Soy Bean, Chickaraca, Large Water Grass, Red Top, Timothy, Large Rye Grass, Smooth Brome Grass, Sprangle, Bulbous Panic Grass, Alkali Pine Top, Sacaton, Sea Lyme Grass, Sea Oats, Beach Grass (Marram grass), Sand grass, Indian Millet, Cord Grass, Johnson Grass, Blue Beard Grass, Hungarian Millet, Japanese Barnyard Millet, Broom Corn Millet, German Millet, Golden Wonder Millet, Kentucky Blue Grass, Nevada Blue Grass, Texas Blue Grass, Downy Wheat Grass, Western Wheat Grass, Bunch Wheat grass, Bushy Grama Grass, Blue Grama, Side Oats Grama, Mitchell Grass, Button Grass, Blackheads, Gray Saltbush, Annual Saltbush, Slender Saltbush. In addition there was a collection of the various kinds of wheats.

An exhibit of this kind, if placed where it can be frequently consulted by the farmer, will do more in the way of instruction as to varieties than whole columns of reading matter. The mind naturally adapts itself to the concrete example, but finds it hard work to grasp the abstract. The department of agriculture is taking the most effective means in its attempt to disseminate knowledge.

Potato Gossip.
There have been a good many reports that the rains of late July caused the sprouting of potatoes which had been prematurely ripened by the excessive heat of that month, but which had been allowed to remain in the ground because they were too small to dig. Nature abhors a vacuum, and, encouraged by the moisture, started in on a new crop with the intent of filling the barren hills. If frost is delayed until late in the season and rains are seasonable a fair yield will be returned by some of those obliging potato vines that are working overtime.

Through a fortuitous accident a Minnesota grower has had a chance to rejoice in an earlier and better crop than any of his neighbors. The seed was dropped in furrows according to the old fashioned methods and was then covered by the plow, but more deeply than was intended—so deep, in fact that the grower despaired of ever receiving any reward for his labor. He was a good farmer and found it hard to bear the gibes of other farmers who boasted flourishing vines before his ever appeared above the surface; but he had his revenge, for frost cut those ambitious vines to the ground when his own were but peeping through the mould. They grew steadily, the deep rooting helping them through the dry hot weather when vines of shallower rooting were parched. While the yield per hill was less than usual, the potatoes were large and of fine quality, and as before remarked, earlier than any of their contemporaries.

It is a true saying that the right kind of poultry managed in the right way is profitable. But when we have said that we have given a very wide latitude to the assertion. For in "management" we comprise innumerable questions that must be settled one way or the other and the settlement of which questions has in it the whole question of profit or loss in the transaction. The poultry business is at that point where it takes brains to make money out of it. Brains means not only native intelligence but also a good fund of information and the ability to apply that fund of information to the conditions as they exist in any place. One writer asserts that three times as many people lose money through poultry as make money. How does he know? Has he a list of the people that have tried poultry raising and failed or succeeded? Of course not. It is without doubt true that taking people as a whole more make a success than a failure of it. The man that makes the remark quoted doubtless referred to those men that have put large sums of money into the poultry business and made that their one effort in life. If that is his meaning he comes nearer to being right, but it would be mere guessing to say what the proportion is.

Fruit Notes.
Alabama.—Pears and grapes are of good quality.
Arkansas.—Apples have improved in some localities.
Florida.—This state is setting a larger acreage than usual in strawberries.
Georgia.—The peach crop is nearly gone.
Oregon.—Early apples are scarce. Prunes will yield a fair crop, but the fruit will be small though of good quality.
Kansas.—All eastern counties except Wilson report fruit in good condition. Fruit is fair to good in central counties though it would be benefited by rain.
Germany pays \$1500,000 a year for Norwegian salt herring.

The Hog.
If we were to single out the domestic animal most important on the farm or the one which yields the largest per cent of profit it would be the hog. He it is that converts all the waste products into a merchantable article with the greatest despatch and least loss. All through the winter the packers' demand for ordinary pork was steady at a price that seldom fell below \$5 a hundred, when cattle and sheep were selling slow, and though farmers were sold short, such is the prolific yield of good sows there were no fears of the kind of a shortage in this year's crop that occurs when animals that require a longer time to mature are sold close. Yet there is no animal that receives less attention from the expert investigators who are laboring to advance agricultural interests, and many of the problems connected with hog raising are no nearer a solution than they were twenty years ago. We know that hog cholera continues to prevail in certain sections, which we broadly term the corn belt, but we have not learned its cause, though various theories have been advanced, one of the most popular attributing it to germs present in the soil of those sections. Nitrogenous foods and abundant exercise are supposed to help by developing a hardy constitution that will resist disease, but the hogs of the eastern states, born and bred in pens with never a taste of pasture and fattened on western corn, never have cholera.

In reviewing the work of the experimental stations and of the agricultural department at Washington, as well as that of private investigators, one is struck by what appears to be almost a conspiracy to ignore the hog. The hen also suffers somewhat from this unjust discrimination on the part of experimenters, but her claims are being allowed and her fortunes are looking up.

Not so with the hog. He is regarded as a gross money maker of low instincts and grovelling habits that entirely unfit him for scientific associations. Even pedigrees do not help him much with disinterested observers, for we are already hearing dire prophecies about the "breeding away" of the fine constitution that characterized the old razor back.

Can we not find some learned investigator who will make a thorough study of the every-day market hog and his needs and not leave us entirely to the guidance of hog feeders and breeders who mean well, but who are working for immediate results and not for future generations of hogs? Let's have more hog instruction from competent advisers.

The Potato Crop.
A short time ago the experiment station at Burlington sent out word that the potato blight and rot threatened to do serious damage in Vermont this fall. Later reports from the same source say that the fears of trouble were all realized, and that there has been in fact a considerable amount of loss already to potato growers. The rot follows the late blight and comes from the same cause. Those who have late blight in their fields, therefore, are bound to have rot; and in all such cases special care ought to be taken in sorting and storing the potatoes for winter.

The experiment station still insists that proper spraying, backed up by proper cultivation, will protect the potato crop from these diseases. Continued experiments and practical field tests covering a period of ten years or more have proved this beyond the possibility of doubt. Even now, in the latter part of September, when most potato vines are dead and many fields of potatoes already dug, the experiment station potato fields are as green and growing as any time in July or August; and the potato expert claims that they are making potatoes now at the rate of 25 to 30 bushels a week for every acre.

Wouldn't it pay potato growers to look into that matter?—Vermont Experiment Station.

Packing Butter for Long Shipments.
Consul Hughes of Coburg thus describes a new method of packing butter for long shipments: A light wooden case or box is lined thoroughly at the bottom and sides with a layer of plaster of paris one-fourth of an inch thick, on which common glass slabs, with their edges fastened together with gummed paper, so as to make a perfect fitting box are placed. In this box the butter is put, packed in good waterproof paper in 10-pound packages. The glass top is then put on and sealed carefully with gummed paper bands so as to make the box air tight. A one-fourth inch layer of plaster of paris is then put over this and the wooden cover nailed on. Each of the cases is made to contain about 200 pounds of butter. The plaster of paris, being a non-conductor, very little heat reaches the butter, which arrives at its destination in good condition. It is reported that very successful results have been obtained by shipping butter packed in this manner from Melbourne to Kimberley—rather a severe test.